

HARVEST TIME ON THE FARM

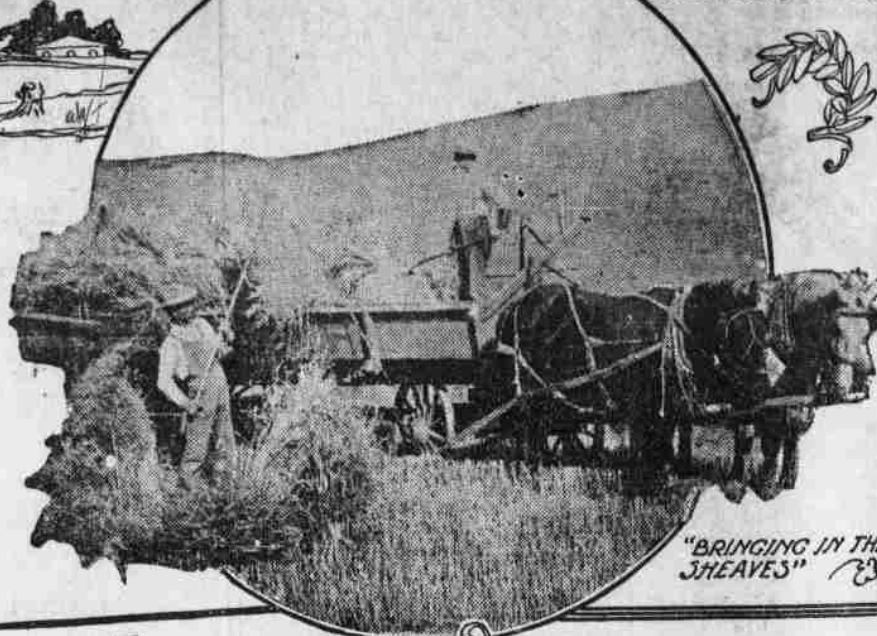
THE most vivid recollections of every man and woman brought up on a farm must be of the golden harvest time. Even the persons whose farm experience has been limited to protracted visits to the country are likely to retain mental pictures of the gathering of the grain as the most lasting impressions of such intervals—provided, of course, they remained in the rural domain long enough to witness all phases of the harvest-time activity and long enough to contrast the rush and bustle of this busy period with the more placid existence of more normal times "down on the farm."

The average city dweller whose early years were spent on a farm harks back to nothing so fondly as the picturesque annual drama of the bringing in the sheaves. And the city dweller—country-bred or not—indicates the fascination of this phase of farm operations by his longing to "pitch hay" when he invades the agricultural region for his vacation. That is, he is enthusiastic about pitching hay until he tries it. Perhaps he would not deem it quite so much fun if he had to do it for a livelihood and if he could not quit his job whenever he happened to get tired.

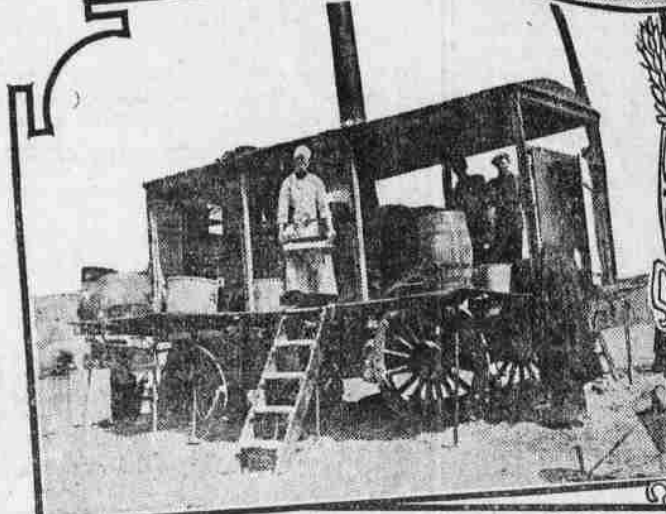
So, too, the farmer boy, transformed into a city dweller who looks back so longingly at the good old harvest times on the old homestead, is very probably, after the fashion of mankind, remembering the pleasant things only and



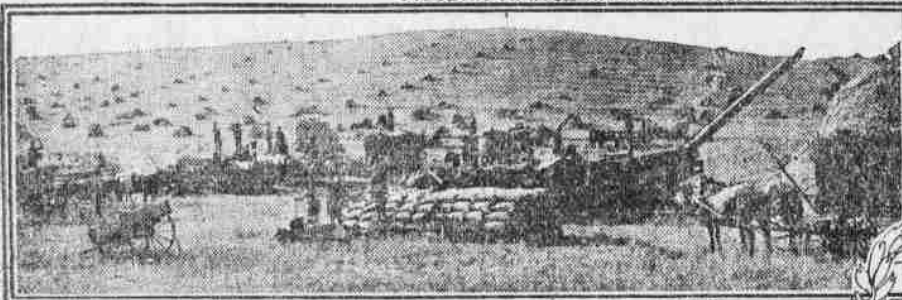
CONVEYING THE SACKED GRAIN TO THE CARS OR ELEVATOR



"BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES"



MODERN RANGE WAGON OR KITCHEN ON WHEELS



HARVEST TIME ON A LARGE FARM

forgetting the disadvantages of the harvest season. It has quite escaped his memory, most likely, how he was routed out of bed at daybreak or earlier when there was harvesting to be done and how he turned in with the chickens and slept like a log from sheer exhaustion. He has lost all recollection of the nerve-racking anxiety, shared by every member of the family, lest it rain before the harvesting was finished, and he passes lightly over the reminiscences of those weary hours under a scorching sun with no protection save a broad-brimmed straw hat, its lofty peak filled with leaves to help break the force of old Sol's shafts.

Harvest time on the farm, past and present, marks the climax of the year in hard work and in worry—in short, in nerve and muscular strain generally. Of course, it will be understood that reference is made to the season of the grain harvest. To be sure, there are what might be termed harvest seasons at intervals all through the season, from the time the strawberries are ripe in the spring, only the farmer never thinks of dignifying the gathering of these crops by the name of harvest. In the eyes of the tiller of the soil harvest time means the crucial juncture for gathering the grain—particularly the wheat—and storing it away in barns and elevators, or mayhap loading it direct on the railroad cars that are to carry it to the flour mills or to the ship which will carry it overseas to supply the bread-eaters of Europe and the Orient.

In the old days practically every farm in the land had its harvest time and it held the secret of the profits of the whole year's work on the farm. That this is true no longer is due simply to that tendency to specialization which has invaded the farmer's occupation as it has every other field. Nowadays we have chicken farms and truck farms and fruit farms and other kinds of farms, where attention is so concentrated upon the one product in hand that the proprietors do not raise enough grain for the needs of their own stock. On such special farms the once universal "harvest time" is unknown. But to make up for them we have vast farms in the west and on the Pacific slope, where wheat is the product specialized, and in consequence we see in these big farms harvesting operations which in magnitude and picturesque features so far overshadow the corresponding operations on the old-fashioned farm east of the Mississippi that there is literally no comparison.

One odd thing about harvesting is that almost all methods are yet in vogue in one section or another of the country. The explanation is found, of course, in the fact that the first cost and the operating expense of the great steam harvesting outfits designed for the bonanza farms of the west are such as to make them impracticable for the farmers controlling small areas. Consequently, these farmers are getting along, and getting along very well, with the old-time equipment, modernized by the introduction of some of the improvements devised originally for the big power machines. We are not any longer har-

vesting the grain with sickle and flail, as they do to this day in certain European countries, but the small farmer is, perforce, putting a great deal more manual labor into the gathering of his grain than is the owner of one of the west's 5,000-acre wheat fields, where combination harvesters, drawn by traction engines or 40 or 50 horses, perform automatically every function from cutting the stalks as they stand in the field to delivering to the waiting wagons the threshed, cleaned and sacked wheat, all ready for the market, without the touch of a human hand.

Under the old conditions harvest time on the farm meant hard work for the women folks as well as for the men and this is still the case just in proportion as the old-time conditions yet prevail. The burden of responsibility that fell upon the farmer's wife and daughters was that of feeding the harvest hands. To be sure the wife had help, for her neighbors all pitched in and helped even as their husbands and brothers, on a similar co-operative basis, were assisting the farmer in getting in his grain—a service that would be repaid in kind as the turn of each came in the round of harvesting activities that embraced the whole countryside. Under this plan, when harvest time meant a continual succession of neighborhood gatherings, there were compensations of the farmers' wives in the opportunities for gossiping gatherings that went the time-honored sewing circles one better, whereas the farmer's girls might behold romances grow under their eyes as the lads, fresh from the harvest fields, had most convincing evidence as to the prowess in cookery of the local belles.

As a development of this system, that was scarcely an improvement from the feminine standpoint, came the plan of harvesting by means of hired hands—possibly through the medium of a "crew" that accompanied a portable steam harvester that made its rounds from farm to farm. Under this plan, which is yet the approved one in most sections, the farmer's wife and daughters have to get up three meals a day for a dozen or a score of husky harvest hands and yet they are not so sure of assistance from the other women of the neighborhood as was the case when these latter had no similar duties at home through the presence of the men folk at the common harvesting rendezvous. Worse yet, the young ladies have scarcely the interest that was manifested when the volunteer harvesters to be served were the eligibles of the neighborhood instead of, as now, nomadic laborers or, at best, college boys working for funds to put them through school.

Latterly there has been some relief from that phase of the harvesting system which has meant so much hard work for the fair sex. It has come through the introduction of cook wagons or kitchens on wheels which accompany the big threshing outfits from farm to farm and serve food to the harvest hands right at the scene of their work—thereby saving, by the way, the time that was formerly spent in

going to and from the farm house. This latter was a considerable item if the farm house was located several miles from the harvest field in which the men happened to be working at noon. These kitchen cars have been in use to some extent for several years past, but great improvements have been made in them of late. There are now provided for the use of the big traveling harvesting crews "range wagons," with several of the largest size kitchen ranges mounted on a truck, and more won-



APPROVED TYPE OF STEAM HARVESTING OUTFIT

derful yet is the "steam cooker," which looks very much like a fire engine, but which performs marvels in quick cooking. Why, in the early morning, for instance, coffee will be ready for all the members of the largest harvesting force within twelve minutes of the time the fires are lighted. This plan of cooking for the harvesting crews has virtually

become imperative on the large farms of the west, California and the Pacific northwest, owing to the immense force of men needed to garner the grain on these baronial estates of the "wheat empire." On one of these big farms in Oklahoma, which may be cited as representative, there are in use twenty-two harvesters and binders, each of which average a cut of 250 acres of wheat per season. Similarly, on some of the Dakota farms one may see in season anywhere from twenty to forty machines in one far-flung line, charging into the golden sea of undulating grain. Merely the drivers of these machines make a goodly force, to say nothing of the other members of the harvest crew, and when anywhere from fifty to one hundred horses are employed in harvesting operations, the care of these animals is in itself something of a chore.

Perhaps the most picturesque feature of harvesting on the big farms beyond the Missouri river comes when the operation is carried on at night by means of the illumination of torches and locomotive headlights, supplement-

ing the light of the moon, if the latter be available. Drought and other causes may impel the western farmer to work his harvest crews double time in order to hurry in the sheaves, but as a rule the grain grower in these favored sections of the country is not constantly menaced by thunder storms such as have, from time out of mind, caused anxiety in every eastern farming community until the precious grain is safely in the barn. The assurance of adequate help in harvest time is one of the big problems of almost every farmer east or west who raises much grain. The improved harvesting machines that cut down the



number of men required for the task have helped some, of course, but it requires a certain number of men to operate the machines and in times of prosperity when labor is scarce the farmer often finds that heavy inroads have been made in his season's profits by the fancy prices he has had to pay for the hired hands to handle the crop.

WHEN THE SHAH TRAVELED

Each time the shah of Persia went to Europe, where he spent large sums, he procured the money needed for his journey not only by raising a loan, generally in Russia, but also by another method, which was both ingenious and businesslike.

"Before leaving his possessions," writes M. Paoli in McClure's, "he summoned his chief officers of state—ministers, provincial governors and the like—and proposed the following bargain to them: Those who wished to form part of his suite must first pay him a sum of money, which he fixed in accordance with the importance of their functions; it varied between 50,000 and 300,000 francs. In return, he authorized them to recoup themselves in any way they pleased."

"Here we find the explanation of the large number of persons who accompanied the shah on his travels, and the quaint and unexpected titles they bore, such as that of 'minister of the dock yard' (though Persia has never owned a navy), and one still more extraordinary, that of 'attorney to the heir apparent.' Although they sometimes had romantic souls, they invariably had terribly practical minds. Eager to recover their outlay as quickly as possible, they practiced on a huge scale and without scruple or hesitation what I may describe as the bonus or commission system. This explained how on each of his trips to France the shah was able to spend from eight to twelve million francs in pocket money."

"He always carried a loaded pistol in his trousers pocket, though he never used it. On one of his journeys in France he even took it into his head to make a high court official walk before him when he left the theater carrying a revolver pointed at the peaceable sightseers who had gathered to see him come out. As soon as I saw this I ran up to the threatening bodyguard.

"Put that revolver away, I said. It is not the custom here."

"But I had to insist pretty strongly before he consented to lay aside his weapon."

"The shah, for that matter, was no less distrustful of his own subjects. I observed that when the Persians were in his presence they adopted a uniform attitude, which consisted in holding their hands crossed on their stomachs, no doubt as evidence of their harmless intentions. It was a guaranty—a very casual sort, we must admit."

"For the rest his 'alarms' displayed themselves under the most diverse aspects and in the most unexpected circumstances. For instance, there was no persuading him to ascend the Eiffel tower. The disappointment of his guides was increased by the fact that he would come as far as the foot of the pillars; they always thought that he meant to go up."

"But no, once below an immense iron framework, he gazed up in the air, examined the lifts, hung a timid glance at the staircases, then suddenly turned on his heels and walked away. They told him in vain that his august father had gone up as far as the first floor; nothing could induce him to do as much."

"The instinctive dread of darkness and solitude was so keen in the Persian monarch that he required his bedroom to be filled during the night with light and sound. Accordingly every evening, as soon as he had lain down and closed his eyes, the members of his suite gathered round his bed, lighted all the candles and exchanged their impressions aloud; while young nobles of the court, relieving one another in pairs, conscientiously patted his arms and legs with light, sharp little taps."

"The king of kings imagined that he was in this way keeping death at a safe distance. If perchance it should take a fancy to visit him in his sleep; and the extraordinary thing is that he did sleep, notwithstanding all this massage, light and noise."

"SURPLUS" NOT A SURPLUS

Truth About the Money With Which It Is Claimed the Treasury Is Overflowing.

The surplus which the treasury is showing at the close of the fiscal year is evidently affected by the sale of \$50,000,000 of Panama bonds. At the time the bonds were issued the treasury had a surplus for the fiscal year of about \$11,000,000 against a deficit last year of the same amount. This seemed to make the present situation \$22,000,000 or \$23,000,000 better than a year ago. But the treasury has been making special efforts to get in the corporation tax, and has got in eight or ten millions more before July 1 than it got in last year at the same time, but of course whatever amount was collected before July 1 cannot be collected afterward; the process of anticipating receipts is similar to that of deferring payments by means of which a favorable showing at the end of the fiscal year has frequently been secured. This administration has stopped issuing the monthly statements of receipts and expenditures which had been published for many years, and it has introduced a distinction between ordinary and extraordinary receipts and expenses which is purely arbitrary and serves to facilitate favorable showings for the "ordinary" receipts and expenditures. In the past year the increased internal revenue about offset the decreased customs, and there was a gain of about \$12,000,000 in miscellaneous receipts.

Tariff and Privilege.
Senator Borah in his speech against Canadian reciprocity declared that he objected to the attempt to "settle the trust question at the custom houses," which leads the Indianapolis News to retort:

"No man can help much in the fight against privilege who does not see that our present tariff—made as it was by the trusts—is a nest of privilege. If that is so, we think the attempt to 'settle the trust question at the custom houses' will mightily please the people. For the demand now is that congress shall impose duties, not as the representative of the trusts, but as the representative of the people. No people can be self-governing unless it is self-taxing, and no people can be self-taxing which permits the trusts and the great interests to tax them."

Commissions Do Little Good.
For a man of the president's common sense and sagacity this confidence of his in the convincing quality of the conclusions of the tariff board will come to be quite incomprehensible. Twenty-nine years ago there was a tariff commission—all protectionists, although some of them were Democrats. The commission recommended a reduction of 20 per cent, and congress paid no attention to it. It has paid no attention to the work of the industrial commission or the conclusions of the postal commission headed by Senator Penrose. It is notorious that congress does not take its conclusions from commissions, and the information obtained by commissions is seldom better than the information any careful investigator may get from existing sources.

Put Blame on the System.
Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh has sound reasons for fixing his eyes upon smugglers and other violators of the customs laws instead of imprisonment. He does not think that imprisonment is the better way to recover the losses of money in frauds on the revenues, or to punish those who commit them. Another and more humane reason is that the tariff system, with its exorbitant duties, offers such great temptations to violate it that offenders should be treated with lenity. When the tariff is reformed these temptations will cease and with them there will be an end of the numerous prosecutions for smuggling and fraudulent valuations of imports that now occupy the federal courts.

Mr. Oliver's Lost Faith.
With regard to tariff revision, I will be guided by the reports of the tariff board on the different schedules. For want of such information no intelligent revision can now be made. Senator Oliver of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Oliver staunchly supported and cheerfully voted for the Payne bill, being under the impression if not holding the conviction that it offered an intelligent revision of the tariff. He seems to have lost faith in the wisdom of the ways and means committee that drew up the bill and to have become a convert to the omniscience of the new tariff board.

It was cruel on the part of Senator John Sharp Williams to hark back to Governor Albert Baird Cummins in order to humiliate Senator Albert Baird Cummins by proving his inconsistency. It is very human to say things in a corner one does not care to make good in the open.

"There's a Reason."
In 1910, we bought from Canada \$47,333,148 worth of goods which are mentioned in the reciprocity agreement. Part of these goods would be put on the free list by that agreement, and part would have the duty considerably reduced.

One-third of this \$47,000,000 affected by reciprocity is lumber. Does that, perchance, throw any light on the wild gyrations of the lumber trust in its effort to pack the United States senate, and defeat the reciprocity agreement?

Trusts' Benevolence.
While having no fear of foreign competition with the steel trust, Judge Gary's sole concern is for the independent manufacturer of steel, who he says, could not resist this rivalry in the home market. In the same benevolent spirit, the managers of the sugar trust fear that reduction of the duties would ruin the producers of beet. Who could have imagined that there is so much altruism in the great combinations to monopolize the country's trade?

OTTUMWA WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Ottumwa, Iowa.—"For years I was almost a constant sufferer from female troubles in all its dreadful forms; shooting pains all over my body, sick headache, spinal weakness, dizziness, depression, and everything that was horrid. I tried many doctors in different parts of the United States, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than all the doctors. I feel it my duty to tell you these facts. My heart is full of gratitude to you for my cure."—Mrs. HARRIET E. WAMPLER, 534 S. Ransom Street, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Consider This Advice.
No woman should submit to a surgical operation, which may mean death, until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous medicine, made only from roots and herbs, has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, confidential, and always helpful.

An Eight Years' Walk.
Hiram Davis of Newburg went for a walk with his father eight years ago. The father stopped to talk with a friend, and Hiram, then about ten years old, walked on. He was never seen after that until he walked into his parents' home recently.

The police all over the east were on the lookout for him, the Hudson river was searched and finally he was given up for dead. When he greeted his mother it was some hours before she could be calmed. Davis has been out west—New York Sun.

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletch*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Their Native Heath.
Dr. Eugene Fuller, president of the American Urological association, said at a dinner in New York, apropos of Independence day:

"We must all try to be as truthful as George Washington was. I am afraid we have not, of late years, upheld the reputation for truthfulness that George Washington gave us. I am afraid that we have published to the world, through our yellow press and by other means, a good many tall stories. Thus an English teacher once said to a pupil:

"What is a miracle?"
"Please, sir," the little pupil answered, "it's something that happens in America."

Might Help.
Mrs. Willis (at the Ladies' Aid society)—Now, what can you do for the poor boys at the front?
Mrs. Willis—I was reading today where the soldiers are always making sorties. Now, why can't we get the recipes for those things and make them ourselves and send them to the boys?—Puck.

Mamma's Angel Gets Busy.
Fond Mother—And has mamma's angel been a peacemaker today?
Mamma's Angel—Yes, ma. Tommy Tuft was a-dickin' William Whimpers, an' when I told 'im to stop he wouldn't, an' I jumped in an' licked the stuffin' out o' both o' 'em.

Grandfather's Fault.
Father—Why, when I was your age I didn't have as much money in a month as you spend in a day.
Son—Well, pa, don't scold me about it. Why don't you go for grandfather?—Silent Partner.

A SPOON SHAKER.
Straight From Coffeedom.
Coffee can marshal a good squadron of enemies and some very hard ones to overcome. A lady in Florida writes:

"I have always been very fond of good coffee, and for years drank it at least three times a day. At last, however, I found that it was injuring me. I became bilious, subject to frequent and violent headaches, and so very nervous, that I could not lift a spoon to my mouth without spilling a part of its contents."

"My heart got 'rickety' and beat so fast and so hard that I could scarcely breathe, while my skin got thick and dingy, with yellow blotches on my face, caused by the condition of my liver and blood."

"I made up my mind that all these afflictions came from the coffee, and I determined to experiment and see. So I quit coffee and got a package of Postum which furnished my hot morning beverage. After a little time I was rewarded by a complete restoration of my health in every respect."

"I do not suffer from biliousness any more, my headaches have disappeared, my nerves are as steady as could be desired, my heart beats regularly and my complexion has cleared up beautifully—the blotches have been wiped out and it is such a pleasure to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pks. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

CASE OF FAULTY JUDGMENT

Scientist Could Not Foresee Brilliant Future in Store for Gifted Woman.

Mrs. M. M. Sherwood, a popular English writer for young people nearly a century ago, industriously kept in full diary during the busy part of her life, and as upward of seventy-seven books and numerous pamphlets by her can be traced, she was undoubtedly

edly a busy woman. In her autobiography she records that she entered life under the most happy circumstances, being blessed with a remarkably fine constitution.

"I was a big child," she writes, "and grew so rapidly that I was at my full height, which is tall for a woman, at thirteen years of age. But my appearance indicated nothing of that peculiarity of mind which, whether good

or bad, was soon afterward made manifest in me.

"I have often heard my mother tell a singular story about me and my brother when he was three years old. Our parents took us to Lichfield. We were at the palace, visiting Miss Seward; and Mr. Edgeworth and the first Dr. Darwin were there also. We were brought in to be looked at, and Dr. Darwin took my brother up, as I have since seen a Frenchman take a frog by one leg, exclaiming at the same time, 'What a noble animal!' My

brother was then a beautiful child. 'Mr. Edgeworth's eye then fell on me, and having looked at me for some time, he paid some compliment to my parents on my well-mannered animal nature. He then patted his own forehead, and added, with no great tenderness to their feelings, 'But you may depend upon it, Mrs. Butt, she wants it here,' and the little taps on his own brow were repeated. This hint made my poor mother, for a while, very uneasy."—Youth's Companion.

Quality Designated.
Claude Grahame-White, the champion of the air, has, says the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph, like most young Englishmen, a very keen and delicate taste in champagne. Mr. Grahame-White lunched the other day with a compatriot who offered him enthusiastically an Italian champagne.

"There," said the host, smacking his lips, "that is what I call an honest wine!" Mr. Grahame-White tasted the mawkish and muddy beverage and rejoined: "Yes, poor but honest, eh?"